



"That's a good cheese, shopman! send me a quarter of a pound, and let your boy bring the bill."

Why is a down tooth like a thing forest?—Because it's out of the wood.



A new song on the triumphant VICTORY, of the
CORK CARMAN,
 over the
HIGHWAY ROBBER.

Come all you gallant heroes bold the truth I will unfold
 Its of a county Cork carman fought on the Bant-y road;
 His name is brave M'Carty a carman of great fame
 In the dark & dismal hour of night a robber he has slain

This robber he came up to him with face as black as jet,
 With a loaded pistol in his hand which made M'Carty fret
 Saying deliver up your money & do not hesitate,
 If you keep me here one moment you'll meet a dismal fate!

I have no money M'Carty says the truth to you I'll tell
 I'm going to Cork city my commodity to sell,
 Deliver up your money & neither halt or shout,
 If you keep me much longer your brains I will blow out.

I have no money M'Carty says I told you that before,
 But what about the money if you spare me my life,
 Here is my travelling charges that I give to you,
 The robber took the money & to M'Carty bid adieu.

M'Carty had a loaded whip he used at his command
 He struck the robber on the head as you may understand,
 The loaded whip he used it free & made his blood to flow;
 He brought the robber to the ground & proved his overpow'r

A gentleman rode up to him & this to him did say,
 You are the bravest carman that ever rode this way,
 He robbed me of 500 pounds about 2 hours ago,
 So tie him to the cart my boy & off to Cork we'll go.

The robber is secured now the gentleman did say,
 Here is a case of pistols to protect you on your way,
 For I will go into town & raise an armed band,
 To protect you brave M'Carty for danger is at hand.

So fill your glasses to the brim & let the toast go round,
 Drink a health to brave M'Carty that boldly stood his ground
 His courage never failed him till this robber he laid low
 He is a credit to old Ireland wherever he does go.